

## SOLDIER WRITERS OF JAPAN

By TSUTOMU NARASAKI

*For centuries people have discussed the interrelationship of war and literature. Some were inclined to emphasize the pernicious influence of war on the arts, quoting examples from the Thirty Years' War up to the Great War. Others held the opposite view, pointing to Greece during the Persian wars, to the Crusades, or to the German war of liberation against Napoleon.*

*In offering one more contribution to this discussion we venture to suggest that the part played by war in cultural life has differed with different times and nations, and that, while often proving deadly to certain types of literature, it has stimulated others.*

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We are now witnessing the fifth year of the China conflict, which broke out in July 1937 with the incident at Lukouchiao (Marco Polo Bridge) near Peking. And still the flames of war are raging over large parts of China.

In this article I should like to present the Japanese war literature during the last four and one half years, that is, the war novels written in connection with the China conflict. In these years numerous works have been published, some of which are really epoch-making for Japanese literature.

### WAR REPORTERS

The first examples of war literature appeared in the beginning in the form of war reporting, and as the conflict developed one real war novel after another was published. Most of the more descriptive accounts of the war were, indeed, written by authors who had been dispatched to the war theaters by various Japanese magazine publishers almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the conflict. Among such authors are Shiro Osaki, Fusao Hayashi, Jun Sakakiyama, Tatsuzo Ishikawa, Nobuko Yoshiya, and Kokushi Kishida.

In writing these accounts Shiro Osaki arrived at a certain conviction while overlooking the battlefield from the city wall of Pataling. In *A Thousand Miles of Tragic Wind* he wrote that man could find his true path of life only by fulfilling his human task, which is to submerge his life into the greater destiny of history reaching into eternity.

The most original account is probably *Fifty Days at the Front* by Kokushi Kishida. Kishida had been a student at the war academy and had entered military service as an officer. Later he resigned his commission on account of illness and went to France to study dramatics. His impressions of the frightful appearance of a devastated battlefield and of shells exploding near by are quite different from those of other authors. At the same time he did not omit to regard the Chinese cities and villages with the eyes of a man of culture and to form an accurate opinion on Chinese customs and habits and cultural establishments. This is an important requirement made by educated Japanese readers, who like to check up on the author's knowledge of China.

Osaki, Sakakiyama, Hayashi, and Ishikawa, who were sent to North China or Shanghai, also wrote war novels in addition to their war reports. None of them, however, managed to capture that feeling of inevitability linking man and war.

### "BARLEY AND SOLDIERS"

In the second year of the conflict an astonishing war novel appeared—*Barley and Soldiers* by Ashihei Hino, who fought his way through several war theaters as a soldier. The novel takes its subject from the great battle of Hsuehchow—which has sometimes been compared to the battle of Tannenberg in the Great War—and is written in the form of a diary, bearing the subtitle "Diary of the Battle Front at Hsuehchow." The Japanese Army had begun a new operation to encircle and destroy a large portion of Chiang Kai-shek's forces. The author, who participated in this campaign as a soldier in one of the wings of the army, recorded his experiences—how in the advance over the immeasurable barley fields he met with an almost overwhelmingly strong enemy, and how he had to struggle against this enemy. The infinite fields of barley, the exertions of the soldiers marching on by day and by night, the scenes of the furious battle—all this deeply affects the reader by its utter realism and humaneness. To let the reader form his own opinion, we shall quote two passages in translation.

#### HANASAKI'S DREAM

"How that train crawled along! You could have almost got out and walked as fast. From Pukow to Pengpu took twelve hours. We rattled along through mile after mile of flat country with barley fields on either side. There were very few paddy-fields, no mountains, only an occasional low hill, and a few muddy creeks. The further we progressed the flatter became the land, the more barley growing. At the side of the line were willow-trees, and acacia, growing so

thick in parts that it was like going through a tunnel. Barley-fields as far away as the eye could see, with the occasional skeleton of a ruined village to bring one to the realization that warfare had stalked through the land. We saw several pill-boxes and observation-posts, but in the gun slits of the pill-boxes birds had made their nests from which they flew out as if to greet us as our train passed by. No farmers were to be seen but sometimes white herons flew out of the barley and swooped along with our train.

"I was gazing at the scenery as though in a dream when suddenly Hanasaki, who was a chauffeur by profession, started to talk. 'What a poetic place!' he said, 'it is just as though one had stepped into the middle of one of Isuma Maki's novels.'

"I was astounded at this remark. I looked at the poetic car driver. He looked as though he were in a trance. 'This is a dream of a thousand years,' he mumbled. 'I come from Nagasaki prefecture, from Goto Island, and I was thinking just now that it would be a good idea to bring fifty families from my home place to here and start a village. China is a vast country and looking at this grand scene Japan seems uninteresting and of no account.'

"Hanasaki talked like this for some time. At length he appeared to have come across a troublesome thought and said: 'But just imagine, if you lived here you could not eat fish!'

"I realized then that the idea of living in the barley had been wiped out by the enormity of this obvious drawback. For imagine a chap from Nagasaki having to do without fish! It is altogether too impossible! After this realization I think that his idea of paradise was rudely shaken."

#### A PIECE OF RED PAPER

"While blowing up a fire outside I noticed a piece of red paper stuck by the door of the house, on which was written four characters which by their

meaning revealed to me the fact that it had been the home of a newly-married couple. Above the door was a larger strip of paper on which an expression for good fortune for the bride and groom was written in bold ideographs.

"On every house pieces of red paper with their golden characters were to be found and to read the various slogans of lucky portent made one feel an inner sense of joy, for such sentences and flowing characters were hardly compatible with the squalor of the dwellings but more suitable to temples or palaces. Happiness was the main theme.

"Seeing the barley and those red papers made me realise how they were woven into each other, for to the folk who lived there barley was symbolical of happiness, and happiness of barley. Yet the fields of flourishing crops spread out everywhere unattended. Politics, or country, could not matter in the least to the tillers of that soil; the earth and what it sent forth for them under their toil-stained hands was the one and only importance of living. War to them came as a cloud of locusts, drought, grasshoppers, or a flood. But the war was passing over the country like a wind, and when it has passed so those tillers of the barley will return and life drift back to the same level, full of hopes for barley and happiness as it had always been.

"The red papers and the barley stood as reminders of the simple unresigned philosophy of those who had gone.

"Millstones lay around here and there, and long rakes which were evidently used for piling straw into stacks. The men lounged about under the trees in their sweat-stained shirts, far different fellows than those who a short time previously had not had a smile for anyone, in their grim business of marching 'neath the sun towards the business of their calling. I could not feel that we were at war during those

hours of rest for everyone was so jolly and it was more like life in peace. But this is a characteristic of our soldiers. They are grim and determined in duty, and as happy as a bunch of kids when work is done. Looking at them and hearing them talk of home and of their plans for the future, and seeing them in the roles of warriors, bent on sacrificing their lives, if necessary, for our Emperor and Nippon would always lead to thoughts of what they stood for and gave me a feeling which I find hard to explain."

### HINO'S EXAMPLE

This novel radiates an irresistible force, not only because in it the actual battle is described by a soldier fighting right on the spot, but because it is the work of a poet. The appearance of *Barley and Soldiers* created such enthusiasm that the war accounts or novels, which were more like studies, paled in comparison and almost disappeared. At the same time this work proved the social significance of a novel, namely the power of a book to penetrate the social masses. This one work has convincingly confirmed the fact that an outstanding work of fiction can move the hearts of an entire nation.

The realization and conviction of the power and influence of fictional writing induced the Bureau of Information of the Japanese Cabinet to send out with the aid of the army and navy no less than twenty-two authors to the front. They were sent in two groups, one to the land forces and the other to the navy. This was a remarkable plan for the government to carry out, which until then had shown little sympathy for authors and had not wanted to grant them privileges. The participation in the plan meant for the authors also a participation in national policy. This column of authors at the front has been called the "pen corps."

### THE "PEN CORPS"

The first task of the "pen corps" was to witness the capture of Hankow,



the capital of the Chinese National Government since the loss of Nanking, and to inspect the extended war zone. Heisuke Sugiyama, a member of the "pen corps," wrote in his *Account of the Yangtze Fleet* of how he had spent fifteen days on a warship on the dangerous Yangtze river, being shot at from both banks and removing mines from the navigation channel. Kiuya Fukada wrote *Cutting the Canton-Hankow Line*; Nobuko Yoshiya and Fumiko Hayashi, two well-known authoresses, wrote *Battle Expedition with the Navy and North Coast Detachment*. Each of these works found a response.

Ashihei Hino, who had attained a peak of war literature with his *Barley and Soldiers*, then came out with *Mud and Soldiers*, a novel in letters to his father, mother, brother, wife, and child. This work is constructed more along the lines of a short story, and is an account of the Japanese landing in Hangchow Bay. Shanghailanders will remember the advertising balloon floating over Shanghai at the time which announced this feat in huge characters saying "One million Japanese landed." The new book was greeted with even greater enthusiasm than the earlier one and all Japan was full of it.

In view of the fact that Japanese landing operations during the last few weeks in the Philippines, in Malaya, in Borneo have made history, we quote the most famous account of what was—up to December 8, 1941—the outstanding landing performed in Japanese military history.

### A QUICK SHAVE

"November 5, 1937. Although it is only two o'clock yet everyone is preparing to move. Some ironically remind us not to forget our tickets to Heaven! Others tell them not to worry. What they really refer to are our identification papers.

"The ships are at anchor and light control is strictly enforced, only the troop-decks being lit with a faint light.

"The platoon-leader came along and with a stern expression on his face told us to prepare to disembark. When I heard this order I suddenly had the inspiration that I ought to have a shave before leaving, and I took out my safety razor, lathered my face and started to tear away at the hairs. It was a horribly painful process. Up to yesterday we were racing with each other in our efforts to grow beards and often compared the length of our growths. We even made a rule that any man who shaved would be fined fifty cents. But I suddenly had the feeling that I would not like to die with a hairy face. When I began to shave off my beard four or five others started to follow my example, as if they had just remembered something. From the upper-deck I could hear orders being given in a low voice for the men to start getting into the boats. When I heard this I was immediately taken with a desire to visit the toilet. Since getting up I had visited that place on two occasions. I was then already equipped and it was very troublesome putting off my gear to perform such duty. However, I just could not wait and had to go there despite the awkwardness of discarding my equipment. But I was not the only one, there was quite a rush on the place. When I had finished the men were filing up the companion way. One could discern a pressing look in the face of every man. Not a word was spoken. It was pitch dark on the deck, and in this darkness, over to the right we could see two lights twinkling like two great eyes. Someone said that they were signal lights to show us the landing place.

"Somebody gripped my hand and whispering in my ear said: 'Corporal, rely on us to do our very best.' I don't know which man it was. In the darkness ahead we could sense the presence of the enemy. The profound silence of everything produced a strange, gruesome atmosphere. One could only hear rifles and steelhelmets striking against each other. The low metallic sound had a queer ostentatious ring

about it, which brought a strange feeling in its wake.

"We passed over the ship's side and entered a boat. Coming down near to the surface of the water we heard the strong rushing of the tide. It was so dark that we could not see each other's faces. From forward the platoon-leader enquired in a low voice about whether everyone was aboard. I ordered my squad to number off. They were all present. The motor started and our boat cast off. I turned to take one last look at the transport which loomed up like some great black shadow.

"Going to the stern I saw that the other boats were all round us, and we could only see the outline of steel helmets and the occasional movement of the men. . . ."

#### HEADING FOR THE BEACH

"Filled to their capacities with soldiers the whole fleet of boats started all together for the beach, the silence disturbed only by the noise of engines, and the darkness broken by two signal lights which twinkled like great eyeballs, and which were only visible in our direction. I looked away astern, but the transport was no longer to be seen. As we ploughed through the water the boat made a threshing, refreshing sort of sound as it brushed aside the waves.

"I felt an aching in my body with the terrific tension of things. I gripped my revolver tight in my fist and turning my head gave the order for my squad to number off. Back through the blackness came the retorts 'one, two, three, four...' When the number thirteen had been called I replied, 'Carry on, all correct.'

'All correct,' came back the confirmation from a soldier nearby, whom I believe was Private Tonari.

"We were going ahead over the waters for a long time and most of us were of the opinion that the enemy could not fail to hear the noise of the

engines. We expected to hear bullets flying around us at any moment, and so a light machine-gun was fixed in the bows and all of us crouched down low. We were almost piled on top of each other in the narrow boat, and legs and feet became cramped and sore.

"The sky started to clear and a faint light spread around us, so that we could see the blue smoke from the exhausts of the other boats, which appeared like shadow pictures as they scampered forward.

"The water was of a muddy colour. We could not see any land and the bullets which we fully expected to encounter did not come our way. Someone behind me remarked that the enemy must have flown. At that moment we struck the bottom and I noticed that the other boats had also stopped. But it appeared that we were still in the middle of a sea. 'Jump out,' ordered the platoon leader.

"We all got overside and found that the water came up above our knees and feet sank down in mire. The coldness of the water penetrated to our bones. However, those who had gone overside from the stern were up to their waists in water and some had taken a ducking. I then noticed that all the boats had discharged their human freight.

"There was nothing to be seen, only water. But I soon realised that there was a thick mist.

#### MUD

"Wading for about fifty yards we came to where it was very shallow and then soon afterwards came to the mud, which was thick and squelchy. Instead of using our heavy regulation boots we were wearing rubber-soled tabi, and every step that we took these sank deep into the mud, and it was difficult to extricate them. It was indeed very hard going. We couldn't see the beach and had no idea where the enemy might be waiting for us. The conditions which we met were quite different to those which we had been led to expect

before leaving the transport. We spread out in formation and went slowly forward. It was a queer sort of experience.

"A man said that he could see the line of the beach. I looked towards where he pointed and could make out a dark line running through the mist, which appeared to me to be the banks of the bay. We proceeded in that direction, and only the noise of feet squelching in the mud came to the ears.

"But the dark line turned out to be a long fish-trap. Suddenly, over to the right came the rat, rat, tat, tat, tat, of a light machine-gun. We turned sharply and changed direction, and rifle-fire and that of heavy machine-guns assailed the morning air. But no bullets came our way and we believed for the moment that the enemy were not firing in our direction.

"It was already daybreak, but the mist had not then cleared. The sight of the banks, trees, and an iron tower, came to us quite unexpectedly.

### BULLETS

"Bullets started to whiz past my ears. I fell down in the mud on my stomach. Until then we had been only thinking of our feet, but all went prostrate together. The enemy fire increased around us and we realised that to stay where we were without cover of any kind was courting disaster. We fixed bayonets and started to advance over the seven hundred yards separating us from the banks. My squad was in the front at the right flank. I shouted to my men to spread out as wide as possible. Although the bullets continued to fly around us we could not see the enemy. We continued our advance individually. Crawling forward over the mud with my rifle in my right hand, I looked to left, and to right and behind, and raising my left hand shouted to ask if all were present.

"A machine-gun company was well ahead of us and going forward very rapidly.

"A man of the platoon on our right fell down with a groan. Two or three men ran to him and a medical-corps orderly named Yano came up from the rear. Another man fell in the line ahead of us. But we had no time to attend to the wounded and the bullets flew fast and furious, and whizzed past our ears and burrowed small holes in the mud.

"We dashed onward as hard as we could go, the section-leader with his sword drawn, and at last we reached the banks.

"All expected that we should engage in hand-to-hand fighting when we landed, but much to our surprise, the enemy were not to be seen. I was so out of breath and exhausted that I rested my body against the embankment which was about six feet high, and where we were safe from the enemy bullets which continued to pass overhead. Cold sweat was running down behind my ears and I took a swig from my water-bottle and found that I had polluted the water with my muddy hands.

"Looking around for my squad I called out to them to number. They were all present and I saw that every man's body, helmet and rifle, was covered with mud. One could only see their bloodshot eyes shining behind the muddy mask, and their shoulders heaved with their panting. Looking at each other with our bloodshot eyes we all started to laugh like a lot of neighing horses. After the tension of the pell-mell dash we could all see the humour of the situation when we came face to face with one another, and found that all were quite safe. We all felt a warmth glow within our bodies which heartened us and restored our courage."

### HINO'S TRILOGY

Soon after *Mud and Soldiers* Hino gave his public *Flowers and Soldiers*, or "Watch in the Hangchow Bay," and *Excerpts from the March to Canton*. The first depicts the daily



life of the occupation troops with the blossoming scenery of Hangchow as a background. The latter deals with the events of the landing in Bias Bay in South China and the capture of Canton. *Flowers and Soldiers*, *Mud and Soldiers*, and *Barley and Soldiers* were written as a trilogy and combined under the title of *My Campaign*. Hino says:

"As a soldier I was suddenly thrown into a terrible battlefield and exposed to death over and over again. In this overwhelming experience of war I was stunned, like a blind man, and I spent the whole long period of my life at the front with the one sensation of a daily reprieve for my body. I have no intention of criticizing war literature here. But not till some time in the distant future will I be able to put down this vast experience in words. Without moving away from the theater of war, without looking back calmly and quietly and bringing things into their proper perspective, my strength would not suffice to express all in a true work of art, especially while this war is still going on. I believe that it would be well worth my life's work to find true words to express war, this overwhelming reality, and I hope some day, inadequate as I feel myself to be for this task, to undertake the attempt."

#### RAILWAYS

At the same time that Hino's works appeared, Hiroshi Uyeda, likewise a soldier participating in the campaign, published his books *Pao Ching-hsiang*, *Yellow Dust*, and *Submission*. Having been an employee of the Government Railways before being drafted, he fought in the North China campaign as a member of the railway corps. *Yellow Dust* is a book of over 200 pages describing the work of the railway corps during the weeks of the advance from Shihchiachwang to Taiyuan and the incidents that occurred with the Chinese. The book was appreciated by some. However, the general public at

that time was under the influence of Hino's works, and seemed to believe that they were the only real war novels. Hence Uyeda did not have much apparent success. Nevertheless Uyeda published within another year a trilogy composed of *Reconstruction Campaign*, *Hombu Diary*, and *Reconstruction Campaign II*. This series shows all aspects of the weary work of the railway corps, doing their duty by repairing the rails and bridges near the main camp overlooking the plain of Linfen and at the same time defending the position of their comrades in battles against an overpowering enemy. In connection with this work Uyeda remarks: "Every night before going to sleep I write articles such as war reports. To serve our country with a rifle and to wield a pen for our country—I feel myself in complete accord with both these tasks. This is my path of duty."

*Woosung Canal* by Shiro Hibino has the Woosung Canal near Shanghai for its background. Heavy fighting took place here at the beginning of the conflict. The book also contains *Enlistment Order*, *Departure by Sea*, and *Military Hospital*. The author says about his book: "The 'shape' of this battle is my experience and at the same time a 'shape' that many soldiers at the front will have experienced in some way."

#### LEFTIST GOES STRAIGHT

Kinzo Satomura, who had at one time been a poet of Leftist tendencies, was sent, after he had turned away from the Left, to China as a special soldier and participated in the great battle of Hsuechow. Upon returning home after two and a half years he wrote *The Second Life*, *The Second Life II*, and *The Battle of Hsuechow* in the form of a trilogy. Each novel has more than 300 pages. In this work the hero, special soldier Namikawa, on several occasions says to himself: "Can I, such a lazy soldier, ever be a good soldier?" Thrown into the war he is always eager to find in this question a

new faith and a new idea. The novel *The Second Life* describes the hero's family at the time of his enlistment, his life, his participation in the war as a special soldier at Machang after the landing at Tientsin, and the realities of war. *The Battle of Hsuehchow*, as its name indicates, describes the character of a special soldier in that battle who endeavors to overcome all difficulties with a tenacious and forceful spirit. In other words, Satomura describes a man who wishes to enter upon a second life through his war experiences.

*Notes of a Group Leader* by Hiroshi Muneta describes the fierce battle of Taierhchwang. Although it is not a poetical work, the almost brutal realism of the material contains the poignancy of truth.

Thus one war novel after another appeared from the hands of soldiers in dusty uniforms at the front. This phenomenon can undoubtedly be ascribed to the deep stir caused by works like *Barley and Soldiers* by Hino and *Reconstruction Campaign* by Uyeda.

#### "IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO BE BRAVE"

We can look at it in this way. War, this stark reality of life, causes human feeling to express itself, sometimes in poetry, sometimes in *Waka* (a form of Japanese poetry consisting of a poem of thirty-one syllables) and *Haiku* (a short poem of seventeen syllables), and sometimes in novels. At the same time we must remember that the idea of Japanese literature can be expressed in one term—"Sympathy with Creation." It is a feeling that goes through the Japanese literature of all ages and gives it its peculiarly Japanese mood and color. "Sympathy with Creation" might be described as the spirit with which the little ego is sacrificed to something more sublime. It is a spirit which has its roots deep in the ideals of the samurai, the knights of Japan. From time immemorial it has been said of Japanese warriors: "It is not enough for a knight to be brave." The

spirit that rises like the perfume of a flower from this valor is poured out into poem and song.

This is a fact which we can often find confirmed by soldiers at the front.

Hence it is not easy, or even possible, to enumerate here all the writings of soldiers (novels, poems of every kind, songs, diaries, letters, etc.) Yet we might still name the following: *War History of the Body* by Naomichi Ouchi, with the battle of Hsuehchow as a background; *Delta* by Tooru Ikeda, a novel of the life of refugees and hard-working soldiers fighting in the delta zone of Chukiang and Tungkiang in South China, guarding the occupied territory and busy with the work of pacification; *Tungting-Hu* by Kenjiro Shibata, who describes the battle near the Tungting Lake; *Motorized Corps and Mud*, describing the strenuous efforts of the transport detachments struggling in the mud and helping their fellow troops in the battle of Nanchang; and *Marching in the Mountains* and *The Blue Kuniang* by Kazuo Yamamoto.

The above works are all war novels written by front-line soldiers and officers. As novels they have, of course, structure and plot as well as action and events. Most of them, however, can be regarded as accounts of personal experiences.

#### PROFESSIONAL WRITERS

Among the authors sent to the front only a few produced actual novels. We may mention among others *Woohan Campaign* by Tatsuzo Ishikawa, and *The Company Will Not Return* by Fumio Niwa. The first of these is hardly more than a report in the form of a novel. The second has a war reporter for its hero and deals with a company which does not return. Then there is Mitsujiro Serisawa who wrote *One Sleepless Night*, and *The Book of Love and Death* in which he describes the dying of an intelligent soldier according to his own notes. This work does not reveal much depth of feeling. *Tank*



*Officer Nishizumi* by Kan Kikuchi is a biography of Captain Kojiro who in his twenty-fifth year met with a hero's death at Hsuehchow and is now venerated as a war god of the Showa Era (reign of the present Emperor). This work, however, is more of a biographical nature than a novel.

Most of the authors who went along to the front saw the toil of the warriors in the front lines, were struck by the cruelty of war, and understood the real meaning of the China conflict. A great change took place in the ideas they had cherished up till then. One of the authors said he would never again write about erotic love-life. Fumio Niwa, in his *The Company Will Not Return*, confessed that he would not hesitate to deny all his previous works. Shiro Osaki, on the other hand, in his account of the battlefield in *A Thousand Miles of Tragic Wind*, says: "What I have seen is not the shape of war which combines something glorious with something tragic. There is only a necessity of the nation which must march on over cries and groans, through bullets and smoke, on and on. I have seen everything with the eyes of a writer, heard with the ears of a writer, and felt with the nerves of a writer. If the commander of a regiment has his home in his regiment, my home is in literature." In other words, through the grim reality of war the writer has taken courage to remain in the field of literature and to live through these times.

#### WOMEN AUTHORS

As a sketch of a nurse attached to the troops we have *Hospital Ship* by Yasuko Ohtake. It is an account of nursing on a hospital ship, the daily life of the nurses, the death of a head nurse during an epidemic, and the death

of a wounded soldier. This work hardly expresses the depth and poignancy of poetic feeling, but its grave realism gives it its value. Further sketches by nurses are: *Prayer to Mother Earth* by Masako Miyakawa; *The Mother Goes to War* by Setsuko Isai; *Splendid Duty* by Masa Aida, and others. They are accounts of life in military hospitals and hospital ships and scarcely to be reckoned as poetic works.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL AT THE FRONT

The popular opinion of intellectuals, who had openly criticized the nature of war, was that they would prove to be unfit weaklings once they got to the Front. But we have seen that they know how to fight for their country as brave and loyal soldiers. As an example we have *The Papers of Corporal Ohta*. They contain his diaries and letters to superiors, friends, wife, and children, and are a monument to the dignity of the intellectual man even in the fiercest life-and-death struggle.

In the midst of the China conflict the Japanese had to fight Soviet troops at Nomunhan on Mongol territory. The novel *Noro Plateau* by Captain Kusaba with the battle of Noro as a background gives a full account of the bitterness of modern warfare.

This is only a rough account of recent Japanese war literature. Of course there are many more accounts and novels beside those mentioned. Willmar, the author of *History of National Literature*, has said that the Germans possess the richest war literature. I can foresee, however, that the war novels still to appear in Japan will even surpass the wealth of German literary treasures.